

A PACE SURE ENOUGH

FOUR LEADERS, EACH WITH A CHANCE

Albert Still Leading, with Panchot, Herty, and Guerrero Close Behind him, and Pushing the Pace—Four Names Added to the Retired List, and Others Likely to be There—Morning Scenes in the Garden.

	Miles. Lap.	Miles. Lap.
Albert.....	348	4 Golden..... 300
Charles.....	346	7 Strickland..... 291
Ed.....	344	9 Varnum..... 286
Guenech.....	341	1 Dilling..... 285
Hart.....	317	4 Vint..... 259
Moore.....	298	6 Sullivan..... 250

"Stiffs" was the expressive word in large, bold characters, written yesterday across the score sheets of the walkers who had dropped out by the way. It was a word that had been tried and tested at Madison Square Garden. And stiff was the expressive and all-sufficient word to describe two of them who lagged superfluous on the tan bark track, and yet were too stubborn or too much under the dominion of their trainers to withdraw. These were Matt Stoltz and Al Williams, who were more properly known as "whang-wang" and "whang-wang."

But the others, or at all events the fourteen others who were in at the close of the twenty-four hours, were limber, and even nimble and agile. No stiffness were they, and whatever aching joints or rebellious stomachs their motoring togethery and pallid epidermis concealed, they have no more. They ran and walked, each in his characteristic well-known fashion, as though the thing had become mechanical and the muscular action was due to unconscious cerebration.

The early morning hours, in which the track was deserted now or less, were as dull as the afternoon hours, but were duly enlivened by rows and rows of men, standing among that part of the audience that remained

The most exciting non-professional incident of the morning was the disappearance of a \$50 bill from the safe in the hotel in circulation all day about it, was that it was lost by a young man who, after spending all his small bills for wine, had ordered another \$4 bottle and proffered the \$50 in payment. He did not drop the bill and lose it. He simply handed it to a waitress and she, in turn, gave it to the waiter, more than that worthy's expectations for the whole week's work, even with his most extravagant hopes realized in the matter of tips. So,

for disappearing. It was a case of more money and less work than if he stayed and served drinks four more weary days. The story was correct in the main, the only inaccuracy that developed under the inquiry of THE SUN reporter was that the money was lost by a young woman and not by a young man. There was a young man with her, however, and he did the talking about the matter

pathetic public at that hour, represented mainly by men who had an exaggerated interest in even talk about half a hundred dollars, credited him with the loss. When the young man left the garden he announced in the cold, confident tone that accompanies a raise to the limit on a purloin device, that he was coming back after the change, and expected either to get it or to make a wreck like that which is left by the terrible cyclone. Late last night no one could be found to give assurance that he had got the money back, and the big garden was in its normal six-day-wild condition.

A FIGHTER BOUNCED.

Another incident, which was very lively, but soon and ignored, was a very limited number

was the bouncing of an English fighter known as Paddy Lee, who had made himself comfortable in one of the best of the huts that a retiring walker had vacated, and this in spite of the fact that poor old Norman Taylor, who was still nominally in the race, had scarcely any accommodations. In truth, he had already

Hept three hours in a chair. The discovery of this state of affairs was the cause of the bouncing act, and the bouncer, Judge James Kennedy, was so thoroughly angry at the meanness of the squatter that the act is described as having been done in the most beautiful manner possible.

At 30 P. M. when the walkers had most of the room to themselves, the round dozen that happened to be out followed the suggestion of Albert and trooped after him to a nickel-snatching weighing machine on the floor in the middle of the track. Their weights were re-

Golden, 123; Collins, 137, and Sullivan 115. Albert, who disappeared from the track with his name in the lead, as it had been for more than thirty hours, only remained off the track two hours and returned to the steady piling up

was in splendid shape and ran nicely, making by far the best appearance of any man on the track. He is said to be, and his looks support the assertion, absolutely free from any trouble with his feet or joints at knees, thighs, or ankles. But his short, though sound and restful sleep, was far from being enough, and sleep-

carried all the time, and much of the time bent to his nose, was a mystery to those who did not know this fact. It was saturated with a weak solution of hartshorn, just pungent enough to keep him from going to sleep or becoming heavily drowsy.

ALBERT'S MASCOT.

The carrying of the sponge did not cause him to let go of the cane or wand that is his constant companion when running. It was

faces, and has been depended on as a luck bringer ever since. He lost it once for six months. It was at the bottom of the Sound in an old trunk that now stands in his quarters at the Garden. He was on board the Narragansett, on the way to a walk in Boston, when she met with a disaster, in which there was a loss of life. After

Much of Albert's success is due to the care taken of him by his wife, whose part in the race is scarcely less exhausting and exacting than his. She is more than confident that he is a sure winner, though she was much disquieted yesterday afternoon. She received a letter from a friend containing this warning:

The same story had come to the ears of the management, and some extra policemen were put into the Garden at their request. Similar rumors are in circulation at every race of this kind, but nothing of the sort has yet disgraced New York at the Madison Square contests. It

PETER PASSES THE GREASER.

Peter Panchoet was the second figure of interest yesterday, for he passed Guerrero about 8 o'clock and took second place, which he had lost the previous evening to the swarthy greaser. Peter ran very steadily with Albert.

not get up much on the leader at any time during the day. He sometimes has trouble with his feet, and when Happy Jack Smith had him in charge this trouble was kept down. Jack is the only man that ever could draw the ex-postman's blisters just right, and he has been missed this trip. But Harry Hamburg and Doc Miller have done so well that the day

Guerrero, Steve Brodie's Mexican, who is affectionately known to the multitude as the